

The Fishermen on the Island
Never Faltered When There Was
Need of Courage and Real Deeds.

Gallegher of Beaver

BY
H. BEFORD-JONES

EDDIE "BOWERY" GALLEGHER had come home from his summer's steamboating. A big, overgrown boy he was, for all his mate's ticket, with a wide grin and a hearty laugh that would charm response from the sphinx. No one had told him yet about Gisl Gislson—not even his brother, Big Joe, had dared to tell him.

Bowery was in high spirits, and no wonder, having come home to the loneliest yet most cheerful place on the lakes—Beaver Island. We all sat around the stove—the McConn boys, old man Dunlevy, Sally Gallegher and Hughie Big Biddy Gallegher, Tight Gallegher and Willie Boyle, and a few more. There was a drop to drink and the dance to follow, and the perch had begun to run.

"Ye know how scarce jobs were and men laid up," Bowery leaned forward with his hearty laugh. "I was by the dock when the Menominee come in, and I went aboard her and struck the old man. 'Give me anything from mate to wheelin', but no lookout,' I tells him. He looks me over, sour and hard, and says: 'Gallegher, hey? I'll bet you're one of them condemned Beaver Island Galleghers that holdin' down berths on half the lake boats this minute.' Delany, who was second mate on the Manitou last year, he was standin' by, and he begun to grin. 'I got two Beaver Galleghers aboard here now,' says the old man, 'and I reckon I can stand one more, so git aboard and go to wheelin'."

Bowery ceased speaking. A queer tension had fallen upon the group of us, and he was quick to sense it. He saw the stranger standing to one side, arms folded—a long, gaunt, flaxen-haired man with a face like molded iron he was. He looked once at Bowery Gallegher, then he turned and went out, with a lithe and silent step. "Where did that blow in from?" ejaculated Bowery.

Hughie Big Biddy leaned forward and spat into the stove. "Wasn't on island—one of them Icelanders from the Wisconsin side," he said awkwardly. Bowery glanced from face to face, then spoke: "Well, what is it? You fellows ain't lettin' them square-heads run over here?"

Willie Boyle smiled in that queer, knowing way of his. "Want to fish this fall, Bowery?" he asked gently. "With your brother Joe, maybe?"

"Uh-huh. Dad's goin' to give us the Eleanor, Joe and I go half on the nets, and we'll get in on the perch in a couple of weeks. What's that feller doing over here? Layin' over?"

"Something like that," said Willie Boyle. "He's got our trap nets here, and there's nobody knows just where. He don't flag 'em. He just seems to feel where they are."

"Huh?" Bowery stared, frowned perplexedly. "You don't mean he's fishin' over here? Who's with him?"

"Nobody," grunted Eddie McConn. "Island's his runnin' his own nets."

"I'll be blowed!" ejaculated Bowery, staring around. "Everybody got par'-ticulars on something? Does Joe let this feller alone, too?"

A grin flitted about the circle of faces. "Joe interfered," said Willie Boyle dryly. "He got laid up for a week and lost a six-hundred-dollar pound net, and the two McConn boys interfered, and so did them Danes over to Garden Island. They landed on Pismire one night and warned Gislson off. He come over to the dance the next night and cleaned the whole of them—proper! He's come over for the dance tonight, I guess."

"He ain't a bad sort," spoke up old Dunlevy quaveringly. "When this lad come over first, in a west gate he was, his engine gone dead on him, and he had a tarp rigged for a sail."

"He's clever on his feet too," added Tight Gallegher. "Dye mind when he stepped out and niver the same step twice? Aw, clever he is! Gisl Gislson is the name of him. On the ocean in the war he was, so Mary Boyle was tellin' me."

Bowery started at that. "And how does Mary know about it?"

"He'll be takin' her to the dance to-night, I guess," said Willie Boyle, who was Mary's uncle. "It's a free country, ye know, Eddie."

Bowery came to his feet, all the laughing good-humor gone from the face of him. "Any man," said he, "who camps on Pismire, and fishes lonely, and don't flag his nets, is crazy! I s'pose you buy his fish, James?"

His cousin James nodded. "Being the conny-peddler's agent, I play quarry. He gets fish too! Eight hundred pound today, a hundred an' forty bucks. Uses a net miles, but mostly hooks. He has some an' miles of the hooks, they tell me."

"See you later," said Eddie Bowery, and went stamping out of the store. There was a space of silence, and they were regretting that Bowery had not waited. They had first dwelt upon the good qualities of Gisl Gislson; there were other things to be said.

"Bowery's nobody's fool," said Sally Gallegher. "He's warned."

Willie Boyle rose. "I'm not missin' the dance this night," said he, smiling. "I've got ten dollars that says Bowery cleans the Icelanders."

"Which way?" quavered old Dunlevy. "With his fists—or with Mary?"

"Both ways," said Willie Boyle. "Ten each way."

Willie Boyle was ten dollars poorer within the next two hours.



BOWERY HAILED HIMSELF OVER THE RAIL AND LOOKED UP TO SEE THE ICELANDER WHIRLING AT HIM WITH FOOT UP. RAISED.

striding Gisl Gislson, and turned in at the gate. Mary came running from the kitchen. When she saw who it was, she paused in the doorway and the sparkled out of her eyes.

"Good morning," said Gisl Gislson. He came forward to the veranda and halted by the step.

"Is it my father you'd like to see?" asked Mary with a lift to her brow. Gisl Gislson smiled at her. "You know well enough, my dear, that it's not," said he. Have you time to talk a little?"

Mary bade him to a chair. He refused that, but stood by the veranda post and looked at her.

"Mary, I've no more helpin' me. His voice was smooth and inflexible. "I've a few trap nets and a tub of gill nets in the boat, and miles of hooks, which is the only way I can fish alone. But I can feel the fish. That's a living and more, my dear. I can buy a farm on Garden Island from the Indians."

"Please!" broke in the girl pleadingly. "No, no, Gisl—please don't. You must not."

"And why not?" he asked, ice gleaming in his eyes.

"I—I don't love you," she returned. "Love makes love, my dear," he said.

The girl shook her head. "No. You will not."

"You will not?" he asked, ice gleaming in his eyes.

"Then I'll not. I'll come and take you."

For a moment she was in shaking dread of him. Then the blood came to her cheeks, and anger.

"How dare you!" she flashed out. "If my father heard you he'd take the whip to you."

"And I'd break his neck," said Gisl Gislson, calmly. "Listen, my dear! All these weeks you've walked and talked and danced with me, and now that your man is home again you think you can forget it. But you can't. I'll come and take you—like this."

He put out a hand to her arm, and his fingers were like a steel band encircling it. And at that she gave him a man's blow, drawing blood from his lips and cutting her knuckles on his strong white teeth. Gisl Gislson smiled at the blow and nodded. She shrunk.

A FLUTTER rattled to a halt before the farm and Bowery Gallegher jumped out. The car drove on. Gisl Gislson looked the girl's arm as Bowery came up to them.

"What's goin' on here?" snapped Bowery, seeing the look in Mary's face and the blood on the Icelanders' lip. "Is he botherin' you, Mary?"

"It's my affair, Eddie," she said, quietly. "Gisl, get away from here. I never want to see you again, understand?"

Gisl Gislson smiled and turned to Bowery, who met his gaze with a black scowl. "You heard her," he said. "Get out of here!"

"You're a nice boy," said Gisl, imperturbably. "But you get mad too easy. Next time you get mad—look out! I'm a better man than you are, and I take what I want. Good-by."

"Better man than I am, is it?" said Bowery. "Off with your coat, then."

"Enough of that!" Old Tom Boyle had come out to the door, and a dour man he was. "You, Bowery! I heard how ye did be fightin' this feller for an hour until he put ye out wid a kick—and I'll have none of it. You, what's-ye-name! Git off'n this place and stay off'n it, and keep yer eyes off'n my girl or I'll be puttin' a load of duck shot into yer carcass. Git!"

Gisl Gislson smiled a little and walked away.

grew Tom Boyle.

"Come up to tell Mary that we got 600 pound yesterday, first trip," said Bowery, and laughed.

"Come in and eat dinner," said Tom Boyle.

FOR three weeks Gisl Gislson held his lonely camp on Pismire Island.

He was not a good man to bother or disturb. One day a fish tug from Cheboygan came drifting past the harbor and Emmet McConn went out to her and brought her in with two battered men aboard, one of them with four ribs broken. Gisl Gislson had found them at one of his trap nets, robbing it of perch. There was some talk of getting the sheriff from the mainland, but nothing came of it.

Bowery and Big Joe made luck with their fishing, and the second September gale was well due to arrive, when Big Joe caught his foot between boat and wharf. On Sunday Big Joe sat with his foot in a chair and a week's rest ahead.

In the afternoon Bowery was visiting at Tom Boyle's farm, and told of the bad luck.

"It's not the week's layoff that I mind," said the week's layoff that I mind, said the week's layoff that I mind.

hauled we'd counted on Monday. We've had two traps out for a week up the Garden Island shore, and we left a new gill net out over Sunday, and if a storm comes up we'll never see that net again. Besides which, some of them blasted Charlevoix men set a trap for bass near the wreck on Hog Island, and two boxes of fish from that trap would mean a hundred clear. Not a man to be got to help me, neither."

"You mind yer eye, Bowery," growled Tom Boyle. "Fishin' bass is agin the law and robbin' other men's net."

"They've no right in our waters," said Bowery, "and as for the law, ain't this Beaver Island? How about you slaughterin' them mallard two weeks ago?"

Tom Boyle grinned at that and said no more. But after a little Mary spoke up, a flash in her gray eyes. "Eddie, what about taking me to help you? I've not been on the lake all summer, and I can handle the boat or haul nets while you gaff. I'll go tomorrow if you'll say the word."

To the cheeks of Bowery crept a glow. For well he knew that he had only to speak his heart on the morrow to come home with finer fish than any lying in the tub.

"Done with ye," he exclaimed. "We'll get off at 6, and by noon we'll be done and go ashore on Garden Island to have dinner with the Danes."

"When will you give over these wild ways?" said the priest sternly. "Tomorrow night, praise be!" said Bowery.

That night Bowery told his brother, Big Joe, about taking the boat in the morning. "It's two men's work," said Joe.

Bowery came to his feet. "And it's two men's work to carry the likes of you, ye big elephant!" says he, and stoops over with his two hands to the seat of Big Joe's chair. Then he came up, and Big Joe with him, and a laugh on his lips.

"If we had Tight Gallegher here to fiddle, I'd do a step with ye," said Bowery, and set Big Joe on the floor again, and never a puff from him.

when we get there," said Bowery, as he threw down a lifebelt beside Nels. He took the tiller while Nels got his arms into the belt and tied the straps.

The slow time dragged along, and now they were past the eastern tip of Garden and heading for Stony reef ahead. Even here in shelter of the reef the waves ran high.

"Ye'll not catch him!" yelled old Nels.

"He ain't around Pismire yet—we got him!" sang out Bowery. "Mind the tiller while I con the way."

He went leaping forward to the bow, where he stooped and threw out the lifebelts in a loose mass, then stood up on the prow watching the bowlder-strewn water ahead.

Straight for Stony reef they drove, a long line of shoal running out from Garden island and ending off to the left in two shallow sand spits where the waves burst high.

The Eleanor wallowed over the shoal water, and began to zigzag back and forth, with Bowery standing up on the tossing prow and putting out his arms to right or left, while old Nels shoved his weight against the tiller.

A wild yell came from Bowery as he sighted the Icelanders' boat at last. Back at camp Bowery, pausing at the engine to pour in oil, then jumped to the stern and seized the tiller. He put the Eleanor square at the reef.

"Over with ye!" he shouted to old Nels. "Over and make the sand spit—ye can wade it!"

Just then she struck, came free, struck again with a rending smash, and stayed where she was. Bowery leaned forward and threw the engine into neutral, then came up and gripped the arm of Nels. "Over, or I'll throw ye!" he roared.

Nels scrambled outboard and with his weight gone the boat lifted. Bowery threw in the clutch and she began to forge ahead though she was taking in water fast from the crash.

Nels gained his footing and scrambled toward the aft of the boat, and the boat slid off into deep water, and headed out into the channel water.

Straight south across the bow of the Icelanders' boat Bowery held her, while the waves thundered down, and broke over her with every crashing impact of the bow. Bowery hung a tarpaulin over the engine. "Better man than I am, hey?" he yelled.

"Prove it, ye yellow-haired devil!" The larger boat drove straight for him while he still headed down across her bow. The only opening aboard her was aft, where Gisl Gislson sat at the tiller.

THE two boats held steady, unswerving, while up before Bowery rose a veil of driving mist as the whirl of the flywheel churned up the rising water. The larger craft hurled down at him, and suddenly above her box appeared the yellow hair of Gislson, he standing with foot on tiller and looking ahead with the ice-cold eyes of him, since from below he could not see under her bow. Not forty feet of water held the two boats apart, and the Icelanders' craft was headed to strike the Eleanor fair amidships, for Gislson would give no warning of his intent.

Then, holding his upper body un-moving, Bowery slid out his foot through the sloshing water, and when his toes touched the clutch lever, he shoved with all the strength in him. That reversed the engine, checking the boat's speed and pulling her back, and at the same instant Gislson swung tiller with his foot to strike the Eleanor astern and send Bowery under with her.

At that play the Icelanders' boat. The Eleanor seemed to jump backward under his very eyes, then the bow of his boat rose above her on a sea and came down upon her gunnel, and the open boat rolled with the crash, but drove her engine into the bow of the other and ripped the planks out.

Bowery Gallegher was not under that bow as the Icelanders' wanted him, for the crash came forward of his seat, and he was in the air and leaping for the bow space of the larger boat, forward of her house.

Bowery hauled himself over the rail, and looked up to see the Icelanders whirling at him, with foot upraised. He took the kick, for he had come to his feet with hurt ribs and a flat stump, a moment the two men stood at that little space of deck and swung at each other, while the boat drifted along in the trough of the sea and rolled under their feet, the bow slowly going down into the water.

"Better man than I am, hey?" said Bowery, and laughed as he struck the rail to see.

A wave burst over their feet and legs. Startled by that, the Icelanders flung up his head, and a fierce look came into his cold face as he saw they were going down, then he slackened Bowery with a cruel blow under the belt, turned, and went leaping toward the stern along the side of the boat, with white lips. By now the rollers were bursting clean over the bow of the craft, and in her lee floated the scattered life belts from the Eleanor, as Bowery had flung them when he loosened them.

"For the Icelanders," said Pete, squinting at him.

With that Bowery thought of the man down below and the bloater hooks and the lacy fish spreading out with the water. So he caught up the coiled line that was by him, and over the side he went, a laugh on his lips as he vanished.

Mad the boys thought him, and loud they cursed as the boat drifted in the fog and mist and the waves drove them. Then Bowery was up again, and reaching for the gunnel, "I've dragged him in, and he so exhausted that he could only grin at them and jerk his hand at the line. They pulled it in and there was a heavy weight on the end, and that same was Gisl Gislson."

A full half-hour it was before they brought the Icelanders' boat. Bowery rose and looked down at Mary and saw the flush on her cheeks. Then he looked at the boys and his eyes twinkled.

"Off wid ye!" says he. "Turn her over. We'll pick up Nels and go back for them chickens, not to mention a warm fire and a cup of hot coffee and a bed for Gisl Gislson. Glory be, it's a fine day!"

The boys stared at him. "Crazy Gallegher!" said Ole.

"Sure!" A great laugh bubbled on the lips of Bowery. "Sure! Sure! Beaver Island Galleghers are all crazy! Let's go. I told the priest I'd be taking the pledge tonight and I'd not keep him waiting."

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What One Girl Did With \$500.

BY KARL K. KITCHEN.

THE fact that Miss Grace Haskins is the youngest producer of motion pictures in the world is not particularly significant. When any one is noted either for extreme youth or extreme age usually that is about all there is to recommend.

But Miss Grace Haskins, age twenty-five, late of Springfield, Mo., is interesting because she has succeeded in making a successful picture against the most overwhelming odds.

"Just Like a Woman," Miss Haskins' first production (for she is already started on a second), was begun last summer with a bankroll of \$500. It cost \$30,000 before it was finished, but Miss Haskins recently arranged to have it distributed by the Hodkinson Corporation on a 65-35 basis—the larger percentage going to Miss Haskins. It carries the endorsement of "A Hodkinson Picture," as well as the line "A Grace Haskins Production," which, of course, means nothing as yet to the theater-going public.

And it has a good cast. Marguerite de la Motte is "featured." And such favorites as George Fawcett and Robert Graves are in the company. However, the really interesting thing about this picture is its story, and never before told—how it was made.

Miss Haskins, who was in New York a few weeks ago arranging for its first showing, told me the story over the luncheon table at the Hotel Astor. So it is authentic.

"I had an idea that I could make a picture while I was employed in a personnel department of the Los Angeles Shipbuilding Company," said Miss Haskins, who is a slender little person of the "business woman" type. "I told Harry Chandler—the publisher of the Los Angeles Times—about my idea, but he didn't want to put me up in the movie game. So with only \$500 I set out to make the picture myself. I had written the scenario myself, but knew no more about the actual making of a picture than any outsider. There were many actors out of work last summer and I succeeded in getting them to waive their salaries until I got some money which I hoped to do after I had part of the picture made. By so doing I had been able to get other productions and using promises instead of cash for salaries I was able to make quite a start on my picture. When I got it half completed—and I worked from early morning until midnight for several weeks doing it for my own director, continuity writer, property master, wardrobe mistress, technical and art director and treasurer—I succeeded in getting Mr. Chandler to loan me some money. This enabled me to keep on, but some of my actors, knowing that I was hard pressed for cash, demanded that I sign over part of the picture to them in lieu of salary. And I had to contend with sudden strikes, sabotage and many other annoyances."

"Just before I finished the picture the owner of a high-powered car that I had rented at \$25 a day to use in the film demanded \$100 a day on the threat of driving off with it, and if I hadn't had a revolver handy, he would have done so. As attempts had been made to steal the completed negative, I had applied for permission to have a revolver on the "lot" where we were making the picture, and it was only by threatening to use it that I was able to protect my rights. I told the driver that as I had rented the automobile for \$25 a day for a stipulated period, if he attempted to drive off with it I would shoot him. And needless to say he lived up to his contract."

"After no end of delays and struggles I succeeded in completing the picture. I was head over heels in debt, for I had to borrow more money from Mr. Chandler to pay my camera men, electricians and such workers as could not be put off. And I also had to pay for making wardrobe changes. If I hadn't been able to convince Mr. Hodkinson that my picture was a good picture, I would have been bankrupt. But I did. He told me it looked like a \$100,000 picture—meaning a picture that looked as if \$100,000 had been spent on it. When I told him it hadn't cost \$30,000, he was dumfounded."

"It will take a year or more before I get \$100,000 out of 'Just Like a Woman,' but that much is assured, and if the picture is a hit I'll make twice that sum—which won't be bad for a girl, especially for her first year in business."

Burning Diamonds.

IT is said that the process of restoring defective diamonds is almost a lost art, but a recent traveler in the diamond fields saw the operation performed by an old man of his acquaintance who seemed pleased to show his skill. The process is called burning and in Brazil is carried out in a crucible.

A small crucible is placed on the blacksmith's hearth, and when it is cherry red the flawed or lusterless diamonds are dropped into it with a spoon. Charcoal is then heaped around it, and a blast is maintained until a welding heat has been reached. That stage requires about three minutes. The crucible is then taken from the fire, and the contents are removed and examined. The diamonds are immediately replaced in the crucible, and the heat is maintained a minute and a half longer. Finally, the crucible is again taken from the fire, and after a teaspoonful of potassium nitrate has been thrown into it, the diamonds are removed. Dr. Heuser made the diamonds are scraped out singly and allowed to fall into a basin of water. The loss in weight is said to be a little over 8 per cent, but the increase in value is nearly 100 per cent.

Magnetic Alloys.

IT is generally understood that the only substances that are magnetic, or may be magnetized, are a certain natural magnet, called lodestone, and iron. There are certain manganese alloys, however, which are magnetic, called "magnetic alloys," so named after their discoverer, Dr. Heuser. They are composed of copper, manganese and aluminum and are remarkable for the fact that in certain proportions they are magnetic, although the component metals are not magnetic. Dr. Heuser made the discovery by accident. He was turning a metal alloy containing manganese in a lathe, when he noticed that the turnings adhered to the tool.

Ripening Walnuts.

AN interesting application of general service has been made in the California walnut country. The ripening of the nuts is artificially accelerated by placing the green nuts in trays, arranged in cabinets, beneath which are electrically heated grids. Air is blown through the heated grids at low speed and warmed and thoroughly dried before passing over the walnuts, and it is possible by this means to accomplish in twenty-four hours a drying process that usually took from a week to ten days, according to weather, under old conditions.



BOWERY STOOD IN THE BOAT BELOW. "JUMP FOR IT!" SAID HE, AND MARY JUMPED.

best in that moment and could do no more.

He stood gazing, while old Nels cried out how the Icelanders had leaped on him and struck him down, and had lifted Mary aboard and gone. Bowery crooked his finger at the two boys.

"Give me a hand here," said he, and the three of them lifted out the nets and the boxes of fish to the dock. Then Bowery lifted old Nels in his arms, and carried him to the boat, dropping him in the stern.

"Ye'll not catch him," yelled Pete. "Nor will we!"

"Just after him, you and Ole!" roared out Bowery Gallegher, throwing off his lines. "Go after him in your own boat, for I'll stop him or drown him!"

The two boys jumped to their big boat, and when Bowery headed out of the cove he looked back to see her following. Then he set the tiller, and laid old Nels against it, while he poured oil into the engine and screwed down the cups over the bearings. He peered at the boat ahead, seeing that she was low in the water and steady as a rock.

"He'll circle into the channel, knowing well that few men would follow him that way," Bowery muttered.

He came back to the tiller and headed in along the Garden shore. He knew that Gislson must travel two legs of a triangle, so he himself was taking the third leg across the shoals and through Stony Reef, though it was six years since he had taken a boat that scary way.

BOWERY filled the gas tank, heaved the rest of the spare gasoline overboard and followed it with everything he could tear loose except the lifebelts. Then he came back into the stern.

Under the drive of the spray old Nels had come back to life and was lifting his head dripping whiskers over the rail to see.

"Ye ban fool!" he sang out. "Not wan foot water on de reef!"

"There'll be less than that under us," sang out Bowery.

churns, water was a better or more